

JEAN ELIOT'S  
LETTERA Chronicle of  
Society

DEAR SUSAN—The other day I wandered into one of the big embassies in what was once a fashionable section of this town, now rapidly being devoured into the ravenous maw of commercial expansion. You would begin to realize some of the incidental horrors, at least, of war if you would visit one of these establishments nowadays. I don't dare guess how many people have been added to the staffs of the embassies of the warring countries; but you can be assured that the number is not sufficient. The men were just coming in to begin another day's grind when I appeared for my appointment. They looked worn and exhausted, and the young man with whom I had some business, apologizing for being late, explained that he had worked till 2 o'clock the morning before, and at that was lucky; experience of the last year had taught him, that to get away from his desk before 3 a. m. was to steal an extra and unusual hour with Morpheus.

Even the attendants were plainly tired out; the messenger who took my card looked as if he felt the strain of sharing the burdens that have fallen largely on all diplomatic shoulders, however humble. Underlings of various degrees were hurrying about the place with bundles of documents; desks, planted in most astonishing places in drawing rooms and grand parlors, were piled with papers, and the piles grew constantly despite feverish efforts of the men in charge to dispose of them. The variety of business that descends on the embassies and consulates in a time like this is unbelievable.

They told me the business had utterly cutgrown the embassy quarters. I didn't need to be told. What had once been the office section of the establishment had stopped over till the entire place was more or less converted into impromptu offices.

The furniture had been largely taken out; what could not be sent away had been covered with slip-on covers; rugs, matting, tapestries, pictures generally, had been boxed away in storage. In one great hall room where I have danced more than once, at great assemblies, the gilded legs of wonderful furniture pieces—chairs, sofas, divans, and even a grand piano—peeped out from under the somber coverings, making the furniture, which was crowded over on one side of the room, look like a convention of ghosts of former grandeur; while the rest of the space was occupied by a miscellany of desks, office chairs, typewriter stands, book racks and wastebaskets; and—imagine the gruesomeness of it—down over this jumble benignly smiled, out of frames as big as the side of your bed, the full-length portraits of the reigning monarch and his consort; absolutely the only decorations of any sort left in the place. I could not but wonder what they were thinking about the monarch business, as a regular vocation, in these times.

They tell me that the bigger diplomatic establishments of Washington, owing to the access of business the war has forced upon them, are all getting outgrown, and that there is every intention to expand this condition will complicate after the war. Washington is never going to be a second-rate capital again; it will be one of the great crossroads of the world's thoughts and interests and governments, as just now it is the greatest meeting-point for the nations, because it is the only place that can still receive diplomats from all the countries. We shall probably see several new embassies and legation buildings erected here as soon as the impoverished European countries can spare the funds; I understand that the government has already been made in some cases for better quarters.

It will probably be a long time before such plans can be carried out; but they must be sooner or later.

It would make your heart ache to see these young men, and others not so young, at the embassies, working to the limit of human endurance, and many of them bemoaning that they cannot be with their regiments at the front. One man who would be an irreparable loss because he is a glorious dancer, gazed out of the window and forgot himself long enough to admit that all the men of his family except himself were in uniform, and that he had tried to be relieved so that he might go to the front. He had lost three or four near relatives, and it seemed to be his firm conviction that he must take up his share of the burden. But the home office had refused.

I happen to know, though he didn't tell me, that his special expertise in the line of work he handles decided his government that he could not be spared. He is serving his country a hundred times better at a desk than he could in a trench. Yet he longs for the trench and fears that a certain lovely girl on the other side may decide that he's a Johnny because I wish she could have seen the look in his eye as he spoke to me of his grief over being "out of the real game!" She wouldn't suspect him of anything unworthy.

To make sure of the presence of the Richardson Closures, who are now on their way back to Washington via the Panama Canal, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, of San Francisco, introduced her second daughter, Kate Eudora Crocker, very early in the season. There was an elaborate afternoon function, followed by a dinner and dance and, of course, Mrs. Crocker and her daughters, Eudora and Beatrice, were in the receiving line, together with some of the Crocker relatives. Kate Eudora Crocker is named for Mrs. Crocker, who was Eudora Miller and inherited the beautiful old country place, "Laverne," in Napa, as well as a large fortune, from her father, Senator Miller. The Closures go there in the summer when they do not go abroad, and this year they have entertained a constant stream of friends who journeyed to California for the exhibitions.

California, San Francisco in particular, has probably boasted more distinguished visitors to the square inch this summer than any other spot in the country. For a time Mrs. George T. Marye, wife of the American Ambassador to Russia, and Mrs. Charles Tower, wife of a former ambassador to Germany, shared honors



MISS HILDRETH GATEWOOD.

and many delightful entertainments were given for them. But they have taken their departure some time since. Mrs. Tower to visit at Watertown, N. H., before returning to her home in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Marye to make her way across the water to Sweden and thence to Petrograd. She sailed, I understand, with the minister of Sweden and Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris. Contrary to her original plan she decided to leave her small daughter, Helen, on this side of the water.

She is to visit her aunt, Mrs. Moreland, in Pittsburgh, for a time, and then will come to Washington with Miss Flora Doyle for the rest of the winter.

Mrs. Borden Harrison, who had also planned to go to Russia with Mrs. Marye, but who changed her mind at the last minute, was with her a good deal in California. She has been going out a bit, although still wearing mourning. She and her daughter, Ethel, went to the annual golf season at Del Monte and at the ball that wound up the week were among the most admired guests in the room. Mrs. Harrison was a simple mourning gown of crepe de chine, while her daughter's frock was of black tulle.

During the last fortnight or more former President and Mrs. Taft and Senator and Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of New York, have been among the most fêted visitors in San Francisco. Mrs. Wadsworth was in California years ago when her father, John Hay, was in President McKinley's Cabinet. At that time the President was the guest of Henry T. Scott, as the Hays were also; so this year Mr. Scott entertained again for the Wadsworths. They also gave a large party for the Tafts and had as decorations the beautiful pink Mrs. Taft roses. After the dinner they took their guests to the Monday Night Club, before which Mr. Taft spoke. Senator James D. Phelan likewise entertained for Mr. and Mrs. Taft and the Wadsworths.

The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Myron T. Herrick will be the occasion for another period of smart entertaining. Everyone remembers that Mr. Herrick was ambassador to France when the war broke out, and many of San Francisco's social lights have been guests at their ménage in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt are to spend the fall and winter in California, having leased Belvedere, Mrs. William Graham Miller's beautiful home in Santa Barbara. The Santa Barbara colony is naturally elated at such an acquisition, particularly as it is rumored that they are taking their steam yacht with a view to numerous cruises along the coast. The Edwin Gould party has reached San Francisco, where it is creating a bit of a furor, and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is riding her favorite hobby. She edited yesterday's edition of the San Francisco Bulletin and printed in it what she pleased. Socially the most brilliant affair to be given for her and her suffragist cohorts will be the reception and ball at the California building, which will equal in its appointments any similar affair tendered to visiting governors or other dignitaries.

Daniel Matthews, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Bentley Matthews, of Cincinnati, whose engagement to Robert Hochstetler has been recently announced, is a granddaughter of the late Justice Stanley Matthews, of the Supreme Bench of the United States—now of course with the older generation of Washingtonians. Mr. Hochstetler is vice president of the Ault and Wiborg Co., of which Frank Wiborg, now of New York, was one of the founders. After being graduated from the University of Cincinnati, Mr. Hochstetler took a postgraduate course at Zurich.

Three weddings in the Gatewood family in two years! Quite a record, isn't it? Dorothy set the ball rolling when she married Lieut. Earl North, of the Engineer Corps, in the early autumn two years ago; then followed Hattie's marriage to Dr. Henry E. Jenkins, U. S. N., last October, and now comes the announcement of Hildreth's engagement to Toy Dixon Savage, of Norfolk, and the news that the wedding will be a November event. The girls are the daughters of Medical Director and Mrs. James Duncan Gatewood and granddaughters of the late Judge Critcher, of Virginia. Dr. Gatewood is also a Virginian, the son of the Rev. Dr. Gatewood, who was a prominent Episcopal clergyman in Norfolk.

Hildreth is such a dear and so good looking. She is tall, dark, with fine eyes and the loveliest color imaginable, and in common with her sisters, has the indefinable charm of voice and manner of the traditional Southern girl. I can't imagine a lovelier bride than she will make.

Mr. Savage is engaged in the practice of law in Norfolk, where he will make a home for his bride. He is a member of a number of clubs, an unusually clever chap, and is regarded as one of the coming men in Norfolk. He spent part of the summer at Pine Hill, the camp in the Adirondacks, which Hildreth had this summer and where she had a continuous house party. Dorothy North was there; the Meade Wildricks from West Point; Mrs. Harry Rust and Hail, and a number of others, who were not I think, very much surprised to hear of the engagement.

William Averill Harriman and Kitty Lawrence were married on Tuesday morning, and, in accordance with Massachusetts law, were obliged first to take out a notice of their intention of marriage and make oath to the correctness of the statements therein. Mr. Harriman gave his age as twenty-three and his occupation as "railroad." His father was Edward Henry Harriman, and his mother, Mary Williamson Averell. He was born in New York city. Kitty was also born in New York and her parents were Francis Cooper Lawrence and Sarah Eggleston Lanier.

The young couple should be securely married, in all events, for they had three clergymen to "do the job." Dean William M. Grosvenor, of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, read the betrothal service; the nuptial service was read by the Rev. William Lawrence Wood, rector of Trinity Church, Lenox, where the ceremony took place, and the Right Rev. Thomas Frederic Davies, Episcopal bishop of the diocese of Western Massachusetts, gave the benediction. They will start housekeeping at Arden House, Mrs. E. H. Harriman's place at Arden, N. Y., and next summer they expect to spend at Lenox, but eventually they will build their own home. They have no lack of this world's goods, and being sensible, happy, wholesome youngsters, with a taste for simple things and a fondness for the great outdoors, should get lots of fun and satisfaction out of life.

Mrs. Traber Norman has announced the engagement of her daughter, Gettie Douglas, to Lieut. Roscoe C. Batson, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., who was graduated from the Military Academy in 1911. The wedding will take place at an early date. Miss Norman is the daughter of the late Capt. Traber Norman, Eighth United States Infantry. She is at present visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Lieut. and Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth, at Balboa Heights, Panama. Mrs. Norman and her mother, Mrs. Hall, are at the Portner for the winter.

taken an apartment there, which is to be his home after his marriage to Julia Herz on November 8; Dr. Yelverton Garnett and his bride, who was Mildred Poor, of New York, will be at home there after October 1; and there Jack and Matilda Knapp have had the most comfortable sort of a nest since their b. & g. days—not so very long ago. Moreover Mrs. Russell Harrison makes her headquarters there, and I see that Mrs. J. W. Bayne and Louise, who are at present in Atlantic City, have selected the El Regis as their home for the coming winter. They will be back early in October. Two very imposing looking shops are going up on the site of the old Bayne home in Connecticut avenue and are rapidly nearing completion.

Lieut. Frank M. Kennedy, of the Tenth Infantry, is now able to rejoin his regiment, which is stationed at Panama, after a long siege in the Walter Reed Hospital. Lieutenant Kennedy was injured in an aviation accident in the South. His steering wheel or some other important part of the anatomy of his machine, broke when he was making a landing, and he was thrown on his head with such force that he burrowed several inches into the ground. Result, a bad injury to his spine—two of the vertebrae were separated, but fortunately no harm was done the spinal cord—which has kept him in the hospital for many months. Now recovering, and in three weeks he expects to sail for the Canal Zone.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Armat have as their guest, Mrs. Armat's mother, Mrs. Binkley. The Armat remained at their place on the edge of Rock Creek Park all summer—I don't think anyone would care to go away with such a charming home to remain in—with sundry motor trips to the Jersey coast and roundabout for variety. They also motored to Bluemont, Va., several times, for Mrs. Binkley spent most of the summer there visiting friends. Moreover, Mr. Armat owns "Ravenrock," a splendid tract of mountain land in that section and, although they have never built on it, they like to look the place over once in a while. Mrs. Binkley will probably go to Richmond for part of the winter, and she may also visit a son, who makes his home in the West Indies.

Mrs. Albert L. Mills is back in town, and says she is glad to be home again, although she had the pleasantest possible summer. She and General Mills left Washington late in July, spent a week in Atlantic City, and then made Narragansett Pier their headquarters for a time, taking numerous side trips to Newport, Jamestown, Sauntertown, and the region roundabout.

Later they visited Mrs. Mills' sister, Mrs. John Matthew Miller, Jr., at that quaintest of seaside towns, Marblehead. The town patterned after Boston, the streets twisting and turning and playing hide-and-seek with themselves, and the houses look as if they had been lifted straight from an oldtime print. Mrs. Miller's cottage, indeed, dates back to the early days of the colony of Massachusetts.

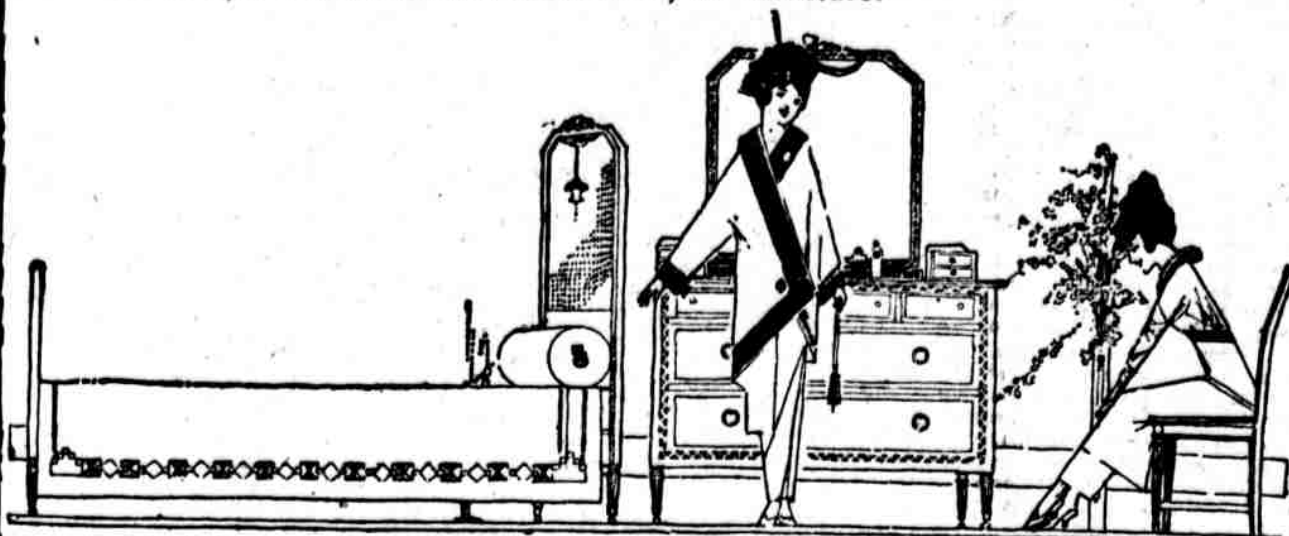
From Marblehead General and Mrs. Mills went to Concord, N. H., for a series of visits and, before the general's vacation closed they spent ten days or so with Col. and Mrs. Robert M. Thompson at Southampton. There they were wine and dined and entered upon a week of continuous gaiety. They arrived just in time to take in the Suffolk county tennis tournament, which brought people together from all over Long Island. There followed the famous tennis tournament at Forest Hills and in that Colonel Thompson's house party were particularly interested, as Theodore Roosevelt Pell, who quite covered himself with glory this year, was staying in the house. Mr. Pell, by the way, is a brother of Stephen Pell, who married Colonel and Mrs. Thompson's daughter. The visit culminated in a cruise aboard the Thompsons' houseboat, Everglades, a quiet trip along the sound and up the Hudson river, which proved very welcome after such a round of gaiety.

Mrs. George Peabody Eustis, who has revived the delightful old world art of playing on the spinnet, will illustrate a talk on "The Piano and Its Music," to be given by Mrs. Leopold Stowkowski, in Philadelphia, later in the winter. Edwin Morris will be at the piano. This will be the fourth of a series of musical talks such as have been given in the Quaker City for the past two years under the efficient management of Mrs. Frederick H. Sheldon and Mrs. Edward O. McCollin, assisted by a number of women well known in the social and musical life of Philadelphia. The "Talks" are educational in character, and were originally intended for young people from ten to twenty years of age; but such has been their success and so much have they accomplished in the way of developing an intelligent understanding of music, that their scope has been materially widened. The series will open with a talk by Mr. Stowkowski on "The Symphony Orchestra and Its Instruments," illustrated by members of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and several other subjects of general interest will be touched upon during the course of the winter. Since Mr. and Mrs. Stowkowski took up their residence in Philadelphia, they have entered enthusiastically into the civic life of the city, particularly with regard to its musical and art interests.

It must be rather hard on a high-spirited young Englishman, who went to the front as soon as hostilities were declared, to languish in a German prison camp; but if I were his wife I believe I'd consider it a very good place for him to be. Ernest Blackwell, who married Ellen Griffith, granddaughter of Pay Director James H. Wadsworth, sometime paymaster general of the navy, was taken prisoner some time ago, and is now in a camp somewhere near Berlin, and, in common with the other prisoners, appears to be having a fairly comfortable sort of time.

He is allowed to write to his family quite frequently, and they have no difficulty in sending comforts and delicacies to him. What's more the girls reach him in excellent condition. Then the prisoners are allowed plenty of recreation. They play games, give amateur theatrical exhibitions, and have frequent athletic competitions. In fact, Lieutenant Blackwell writes that they are only real hardship is that they are

(Continued on Page Fifteen.)

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